

THE
D R A G O N
O F
W A N T L E T.

1809/808

A
BURLESQUE OPERA.

The M U S I C K

By Mr. JOHN FREDERICK LAMPE,

And Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

*Moderniz'd from the O'LD BALLAD after
the Italian Manner, by Sig. CARINI.*

The ELEVENTH EDITION, with Additions.
To which is prefix'd, the Original BALLAD (*cum Notis variorum*)
by way of Argument, &c. &c. &c.

————— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius.

HOR.



L O N D O N: .

Printed for J. SHUCKBURGH, at the *Sun* near the
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(Price Six-pence.)





T O

Mr. *John-Frederick Lampe.*

Dear JACK,

TO whom should I dedicate this *Opera* but to You, for whose Interest it was calculated, and at whose Request it was completed: Many joyous Hours have we shared during its Composition, chopping and changing, lopping, eking out, and coining of Words, Syllables, and Jingle, to display in *English* the Beauty of Nonsense, so prevailing in the *Italian Operas*.

This Pleasure has been since transmitted to the gay, the good-natur'd, and jocular Part of Mankind, who have tasted the Joke and enjoy'd the Laugh; while the Morose, the Supercilious, and Asinine,

A 2

have

iv **DEDICATION.**

have been fairly taken in, so far as to be downright angry; they say 'tis low, very low; now (begging their Worships Pardon) I affirm it to be sublime, very sublime. —

It is a Burlesque Opera :

And Burlesque cannot be too low.

Lowness (figuratively speaking) is the Sublimity of Burlesque: If so, *this Opera* is, consequently, the tip-top Sublime of its Kind.

Your Musick, on the other hand, is as grand and pompous as possible, by which Means the *Contrast* is the stronger, and has succeeded accordingly.

The following Prediction made by my Cousin *Harry* in the Year 1726, is now, I think, amply verified in Your Favour :

*Call not my Lampe obscure, because
unknown ;*

*He shines in Secret now, to Friends
alone :*

*Light him but up, let him in Publick
blaze,*

He will delight not only, but amaze.

CAREY'S Poems in 4^{to}. Pag. 115.



We

DEDICATION. v

We must both confess our-selves obliged to the Performers, particularly to Mr. *Salway* and the two Miss *Youngs*, not forgetting Signor *Laguerrini*, and Myn-heer *Reinhold*, who have given Life and Spirit to our Compositions, and Pleasure to the Publick ; but in a more singular Sense we stand indebted to Mr. *Rich*, who received our poor disconsolate *Dragon* with Pleasure, after it had lain several Years dormant in the Repository, and under the Inspection, of the most wise, most learned, and judicious, 'Squire *What-d'ye-call-him*, Master of *Drury-Lane* Play-house.

I am,

Your Affectionate Friend,

And Fellow-Student,

Pall-mall, Jan. 3,
1738.

C A R I N I.

A CRITICAL REMARK on the
Old Ballad, call'd *The Dragon of*
Wantley by the late Mr. *Rousillon*.

THIS Ballad does not properly fall under the Denomination of Historical, it having been ever look'd upon as a Criticism or Ridicule upon St. George, The Seven Champions, Guy of Warwick, and several other Songs of the like Nature, and is the same to Ballads of Chivalry, as *Don Quixot* is to Books of that Kind: However, there are some People who will, by no means, allow this to be the Design of the Poet, nor the Song to be a Piece of Criticism, but a Satyr: And to prove this, they tell you, That in Days of old, a certain Gentleman, a Member of the Law, and here represented by the Dragon, being left Guardian to three Orphans, and finding some little Flaw in their Titles, put in his Claim, depriv'd them of their Estate, took Possession of it himself, and turn'd them over to the Parish. Upon which another (here called Moore of Moore-hall) took up their Cause, sued the unjust Guardian, cast him, and recover'd the Estate for the Children. I shall not pretend to decide any thing in a Dispute of this Importance: the Hypotheses are both probable; but which may be the justest, I shall leave the Learned to determine.



An



An Excellent

BALLAD

Of a most Dreadful COMBAT, fought between
MOORE of *Moore-hall*, and the DRAGON of
Wantley.

To a pleasant Tune much in Request.

OL D Stories tell, how *Hercules*
A Dragon slew at *Lerna*,
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a Club this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye:
But *Moore* of *Moore-hall* with nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder;
With a Sting in his Tail as long as a Flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long Claws, and in his Jaws
Four and forty Teeth of Iron,
With a Hide as tough as any Buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have

Have you not heard of the *Trojan* Horse,
 With seventy Men in his Belly?
 This Dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell you:
 Devoured he poor Children three,
 That could not with him grapple;
 And at one sup he eat them up,
 As one would eat an Apple.

All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
 Some say he eat up Trees,
 And that the Forest sure he would
 Devour by degrees:
 For Houses and Churches, were to him Geese
 and Turkies;
 He eat all, and left none behind,
 But some Stones, dear *Jack*, which he could
 not crack,
 Which on the Hills you'll find.

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotheram*,
 The Place I know it well,
 Some two or three Miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell;
 But there is a Hedge just on the Hill edge,
 And *Matthew's* House hard by't;
 O there and then was this Dragon's Den,
 You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a Witch;
 Some say he was a Devil,
 For from his Nose a Smoke arose,
 And with it burning Snivel;

Which



Which he cast off, when he did cough,
 Into a Well that stands by;
 Which made it look just like a Brook,
 Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all Towns did ring;
 For he could wrestle, play at Quarter-staff,
 Kick, cuff, and huff,
 Call Son of a Whore, do any kind of thing:
 By the Tail and the Main, with his Hands twain,
 He swung a Horse 'till he was dead;
 And what is stranger, he for very Anger,
 Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children, as I told, being eat;
 Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,
 Sighing and sobbing, came to his Lodging,
 And made a hideous Noise:
 O save us all, *Moore of Moore-ball*,
 Thou peerless Knight of these Woods;
 Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us
 a Rag on,
 We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
 But I want, I want in sooth,
 A fair Maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
 And smiles about the Mouth;
 Hair black as a Sloe, and a Skin white as Snow,
 With Blushes her Cheeks adorning;
 To 'noint me o'er Night, e'er I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the Morning.

B

This

This being done, he did engage
 To hew this Dragon down ;
 But first he went new Armour to
 Bespeak at *Sheffield* Town,
 With Spikes all about, not within but without,
 Of Steel so sharp and strong,
 Both behind and before, Arms, Legs, and all o'er,
 Some five or six Inches long.

Had you seen him in this Dress,
 How fierce he look'd and how big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 Some *Egyptian* Porcupig:
 He frighted all, Cats, Dogs, and all,
 Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog ;
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange out-landish Hedge-hog.

To see the Fight all People then
 Got upon Trees and Houses,
 On Churches some, and Chimnies too ;
 But they put on their Trowles,
 Not to spoil their Hose. As soon as he arose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale six Pots of Ale,
 And a Quart of *AquaVita*.

It is not Strength that always wins,
 For Wit does Strength excel ;
 Which made our cunning Champion
 Creep down into a Well ;

Where

Where he did think this Dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth ;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd
 Boh !
 And hit him on the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, Pox take you, come out,
 Thou that disturb'st me in my Drink :
 With that he turn'd, and sh—t at him ;
 Good lack, how he did stink !
 Beshrew thy Soul, thy Body is foul,
 Thy Dung smells not like Balsam ;
 Thou Son of a Whore, thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy Diet is unwholesome.

Our politick Knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the Brink,
 And gave the Dragon such a Douse,
 He knew not what to think :
 By cock, quoth he, say you so ; do you see ?
 And then at him he let fly,
 With Hand, with Foot, and so they went to't,
 And the Word it was, Hey, Boys, hey !

Your Words, quoth the Dragon, I don't under-
 stand :

Then to it they fell at all,
 Like two wild Boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great Things with small.

Two Days and a Night with this Dragon did
fight

Our Champion on the Ground ;
Tho' their Strength it was great, their Skill it
was neat,

They never had one Wound.

At length the hard Earth began to quake,
The Dragon gave him such a Knock,
Which made him to reel, and strait he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock,
And then let him fall ; But *Moore of Moore-*
hall,

Like a valiant Son of *Mars*,
As he came like a Lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the Back-side.

Oh ! quoth the Dragon, with a deep Sigh,
And turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his Throat of Leather ;

Moore of Moore-hall, O thou Rascal!

Would I had seen thee never ;
With the thing at thy Foot thou hast prickt my
A——fe-gut,

And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack, for Grief ;
Had you but miss'd that Place, you could
Have done me no Mischief.

Then

Then his Head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he laid and cry'd;
 First on one Knee, then on Back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, sh—t, and died.

P U F F.

The Opinion of a Grave and Learned *Pæda-*
gogue concerning the following O P E R A.

EXCLUSIVE of the Pleasure this Opera
 has given the Adult, I have found it to
 be of infinite Use in alluring little Children
 to learn to read, when other Books have been
 found ineffectual. For which Reason I
 hereby exhort and advise all Fathers and
 Mothers, Godfathers, &c. to buy this Book
 by way of New-years Gift, as they would an
 Anodyne Necklace for the Improvement of
 this Generation, and the Advantage of the
 future.

P. ANDERSON.

Westminster, Jan. 1,
 1748.

D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Dragon, Mr. REINHOLD.

Moore of Moore-Hall, Mr. SALWAY.

Gaffer Gubbins, Father to Margery, } Mr. LAGUERRE.

Margery, Miss ISABELLA YOUNG.

Mauxalinda, Miss ESTHER YOUNG.

CHORUS of *Nymphs and Swains.*

SCENE *that Part of Yorkshire near*
Rotheram.

THE



T H E
DRAGON of *WANTLEY*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Rural Prospect.

C H O R U S.

FLY, Neighbours, fly,
The Dragon's nigh,
Save your Lives and fly ;
Away, away,
For if you stay,
Sure as a Gun you die.

Fly, &c. [Exeunt.

[*The Dragon crosses the Stage.*

S C E N E

SCENE, *A Hall.*

GUBBINS, MAUXALINDA, and CHORUS.

Gub. What wretched Havock does this Dragon
make !

He sticks at nothing for his Belly's Sake :
Feeding but makes his Appetite the stronger,
He'll eat us all, if he 'bides here much
longer !

A I R.

*" Poor Children three,
" Devoured he,
" That could not with him grapple ;
" And at one sup,
" He eat them up,
" As one would eat an Apple.*

CHORUS.

*Houses and Churches,
To Him are Geese and Turkies.*

To them MARGERY,

Marg. O Father ! Father ! as our noble 'Squire
Was fate at Breakfast by his Parlour Fire,
With Wife and Children, all in pleasant
Tattle,
The Table shook, the Cups began to rattle ;

A

A dismal Noise was heard within the Hall,
 Away they flew, the Dragon scar'd them all:
 He drank up all their Coffee at a Sup,
 And next devour'd their Toast and Butter
 up.

A I R.

*But to hear the Children mutter,
 When they'd lost their Toast and Butter,
 And to see my Lady moan,
 Oh! 'twould melt a Heart of Stone.*

*" Here the 'Squire with Servants wrangling;
 " There the Maids and Mistress jangling;
 " And the pretty hungry Dears
 " All together by the Ears,
 " Scrambling for a Barley-Cake:
 " Oh! 'twould make one's Heart to ake.
 But to hear, &c.*

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is:
 What shall we do in this disastrous Crisis?

Marg. A Thought, to quell him, comes into
 my Head;

No way more proper than to kill him dead.

Gub. O Miracle of Wisdom! rare Suggestion!
 But how, or who to do it, that's the Question.

C

Marg.

Marg. Not far from hence there lives a valiant
Knight,

A Man of Prowess great, and mickle Might :
He has done Deeds St. *George* himself might
brag on ;

Maux. This very Man is he shall kill the Dragon.

A I R.

*He's a Man ev'ry Inch, I assure you,
Stout, vig'rous, active and tall ;
There's none can from Danger secure you,
Like brave gallant Moore of Moore-Hall.
No Giant or Knight e'er quell'd him,
He fills all their Hearts with Alarms ;
No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms.*

C H O R U S.

*Let's go to his Dwelling,
With Telping and Telling ;
And tell him a sorrowful Ditty.
" Who knows but the Knight,
" With this Dragon may fight,
" If he has but a Morsel of Pity.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E, *Moore-Hall,*

Symphony.

MOORE *and his Companions.*

Moore. Come, Friends, let's circulate the
cheerful Glafs ;

Let each true Toper toast his favourite Lafs.

Sound all your Instruments of Joy, and play :

Let's drink and sing, and pass the Time away.

A I R.

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,

All were Lovers of the Bottle ;

Poets, Painters and Musicians,

Churchmen, Lawyers and Physicians,

All admire a pretty Lafs,

All require a cheerful Glafs.

Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,

Love and Drinking are no Treason.

[Zeno, &c.

Enter GUBBINS, MARGERY, MAUXA-
LINDA, and others.

C H O R U S.

O save us all ! [Kneeling.
Moore of Moore-Hall !

Or else this cursed Dragon [they rise.
Will plunder our Houses,
Our Daughters and Spouses,
And leave us the Devil a Rag on.
[They kneel again] *O save, &c.*

A I R.

Marg. rising.] *Gentle Knight ! all Knights ex-
ceeding,*

Pink of Prowess, and good Breeding,
Let a Virgin's Tears inspire thee ;
Let a Maiden's Blushes fire thee.

" For my Father and my Mother,

" For my Sisters and my Brother,

" For my Friends that stand before thee,

" Thus I sue thee, thus implore thee ;

" Thus I kiss thy valiant Garment,

" Humbly hoping there's no Harm in't.

Moore. (*aside*) *Her Looks shoot thro' my Soul,*
her Eyes strike Fire ;

I'm all a Conflagration of Desire.

(*To*

(*To her*) Fair Maid, I grant whatever you can
ask,

The Deed is done, when once you name the
Task.

Marg. The Dragon, Sir ! the Dragon !

Moore. Say no more,

You soon shall see him weltring in his Gore.

Marg. Most mighty *Moore* ! do but this Dra-
gon kill,

All that we have is wholly at your Will.

Moore. The only Bounty I require, is this,
That thou may'st fire me with an ardent Kifs;
That thy soft Hands may 'noint me over
Night,

And dress me in the Morning e'er I fight.

A I R.

Marg. *If that's all you ask,*

My Sweetest,

My Featest,

Compleatest,

And Neatest,

I'm proud of the Task.

" Of Love take your fill,

" Past measure,

" My Treasure,

" Sole Spring of my Pleasure,

" As long as you will.

If that's all, &c.

Maux. (*overbearing.*) A forward Lady ! she
grows fond apace ;

But I shall catch her in a proper Place.

Moore.

Moore. Leave her with me ; conclude the Dragon dead :

If I don't maul the Dog, I'll lose my Head.

[*All go off but Moore and Margery.*

D U E T T O.

Moore. *Let my Dearest be near me ;*

Marg. *I'll ever be near thee,*

Moore. *To warm me, to cheer me ;*

Marg. *To warm thee, to cheer thee.*

Moore. *To fire me, inspire me ;*

Marg. *To fire thee, inspire thee*

Both. *With Kisses and Ale.*

Moore. *Your Fears I'll abolish ;*

Marg. *This Dragon demolish,*

Moore. *I'll work him.*

Marg. *Ay, work him,*

Moore. *I'll jerk him,*

Marg. *Ay, jerk him*

Both. *From Nostril to Tail.*

[*Let my, &c.*

MOORE *leads off* MARGERY ; MAUXALINDA *enters, and pulls him back by the Sleeve.*

Maux. O Villain ! Monster ! Devil ! Base ! Base !
How can you dare to look me in the Face ?
Did you not swear last *Christmasts* we should marry ?

Oh, 'tis enough to make a Maid miscarry !

Witness

Witness this Piece of Six-pence, certain Token
Of my true Heart, and your false Promise
broken.

Moore. The Devil's in the Woman! What's
the Matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; Time was you
cou'd flatter.

Moore. Upon my Soul, I don't know what you
mean!

Maux. Don't you know *Margery of Roth'ram-
Green?*

Moore. Not I, upon my Honour.

Maux. That's a Lie.

What do you think I've neither Ear or Eye?
Villain! I will believe my Eyes and Ears!
She whom you kifs'd, and call'd ten thousand
Dears.

(Sings mocking) *Let my Dearest be near me, &c.*

Moore. (aside.) By Jove! I'm blown. Z—ds!
how came this about?

However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.

(*To Maux.*) I only out of Policy was civil;
But, 'faith, I hate her as I hate the Devil.
You're all I value, witness this close Hug,
I'm yours, and only yours—

Maux. Ah coaxing Pug!

Moore. My pretty *Mauxy*, prithee don't be
jealous.

Maux. Dear me! you Men are such bewitching
Fellows;

You

You steal into our Hearts by fly Degrees,
Then make poor Girls believe just what you
please.

A I R.

Moore. *By the Beer, as brown as Berry,
By the Cyder and the Perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a Hy-down, Ho-down-derry,
Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
True Blue will never stain.*

By the Beer, &c.

Maux. But do you really love me ?

Moore. *By this Kifs,
By Raptures past, and Hopes of future Bliss.*

D U E T T O.

*Pigs shall not be
So fond as we ;
We will out-cooe the Turtle Dove:
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting Sparrows we'll out-love.*

Pigs shall not, &c.

End of the First A C T.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden.

MARGERY *sola.*

A I R.

SURE my Stays will burst with
sobbing,
And my Heart quite crack with throb-
bing.

*My poor Eyes are red as Ferrets,
And I ha'n't a Grain of Spirits.*

*" O I wou'dn't for any Money,
" This vile Beast shou'd kill my Honey ;
" Better kiss me, gentle Knight,
" Than with Dragons fierce to fight.*

Sure my Stays, &c.

[To her Moore.

*Moore. My Madge ! my Honey-suckle, in the
Dumps !*

*Marg. Put your Hand here, and feel my Heart
how't thumps.*

*Moore. Good lack a day ! how great a Palpi-
tation !*

Tell me, my Dear ! the Cause of this Vexation.

D

Marg.

Marg. An ugly Dream has put me in a Fright ;
I dreamt the Dragon flew my gentle Knight :
If such a thing should happen unto thee,
O miserable, miserable, *Margery* !

Moore. Don't fright thy self with Dreams, my
Girl, ne'er fear him,

I'll work his Buff, if ever I come near him.
I've such a Suit of spiked Armour bought,
Bears, Lions, Dragons, it sets all at nought :
In which, when I'm equip'd, my *Madge*
shall see,

I'll scare the Dragon, not the Dragon me.

But Time grows short, I must a while away

Marg. Make haste, my Dear!

Moore. My Duck! I will not stay.

[*Exit.*

Enter MAUXALINDA to MARGERY.

Maux. So Madam ! have I found you out at
last ?

You now shall pay full dear for all that's
past.

Were you as fine as e'er wore Silk or Sattin,
I'd beat your Harlot's Brains out with my
Patten,

Before you shall delude a Man of mine.

Marg. Who in the Name of Wonder made
him thine ?

Maux.

Maux. D'ye laugh, you Minx ! I'll make you
change your Note,
Or drive your grinning Grinders down your
Throat.

D U E T T O.

*Insulting Gipsy,
You're surely tipsy,
Or non se ipse,
To chatter so.
Your too much feeding,
All Rules exceeding,
Has spoil'd your Breeding,
Go, Trollop, go.*

Insulting, &c.

Marg. Lauk ! what a monstrous Tail our Cat
has got ?

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go
to pot.

Come, Bodkin, come ! take *Mauxalinda's* Part,
And stab her hated Rival to the Heart.

[Goes to kill Margery, she swoons.]

Enter MOORE, takes away the Bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the Devil is the Woman
doing !

Maux. To put an End to all your Worship's
Wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came, before the Whim
went further;
Had I stay'd longer, here had sure been
Murder.
This cursed Jade has thrown the Girl in Fits.
How do'st, my Dear?

[*Margery Recovers.*

Marg. Frighted out of my Wits.

Moore. But fear her not, for by her own Con-
fession,

I'll bind her over to the Quarter-Session.

A I R.

Maux. *O give me not up to the Law,
I'd much rather beg upon Crutches;
Once in a Solicitor's Paw,
You never get out of his Clutches.*

Marg. Come, come, forgive her!

Moore. Here my Anger ends.

Maux. And so does mine.

Moore. Why then let's buss and Friends.
[*Kiss round.*

T R I O.

Maux. *Oh how easy is a Woman,
How deluding are you Men!
Oh how rare, to find a true Man,
Not so oft as one in ten.*

Moore.

- Moore. *Oh how charming is a Woman,
Form'd to captivate us Men;
Yet so eager to subdue Man,
For each one she covets ten.*
- Marg. *Let's reward them as they treat us,
Women prove sincere as Men;
But if they deceive and cheat us,
Let us e'en cheat them again.*
- Omnes. *Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.*

Enter GUBBINS.

Gub. Now, now, or never save us, valiant *Moore*!

The Dragon's coming, don't you hear him roar?

Moore. Why let him roar his Heart out, 'tis
no matter :

Stand clear, my Friends, this is no Time to
chatter.

Gub. Here take your Spear.

Moore. ——— I scorn Sword, Spear, or Dart;
I'm arm'd compleatly in a valiant Heart,
But first I'll drink, to make me strong and
mighty,

Six Quarts of Ale, and one of *Aqua Vitæ.*

*Fill, fill, fill a mighty Flagon,
Then I'll kill this monstrous Dragon.*

[Drinks.]

C H O R U S.

*Fill, fill, fill the mighty Flagon,
Kill, kill, kill this monstrous Dragon.*
Exeunt. A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

A rural Prospect near the Dragon's Den.

Enter MOORE in Armour, and MARGERY.

Moore. O Ne Buſs, dear *Margery*, and then away.

Marg. I cannot go, my Love !

Moore. You muſt not ſtay.

Get up, ſweet Wench, get up in yonder Tree,
And there ſecurely you may hear and ſee.

[*Margery gets up into the Tree.*

Come, Mr. *Dragon*, or by *Jove* I'll fetch
you ;

I'll trim your Rascal's Jacket, if I catch you.

A I R.

Moore. *Dragon ! Dragon ! thus I dare thee :
Soon to Atoms thus I'll tear thee ;*

Thus thy Insolence ſubdue.

*But regarding where my Dear is,
Then, alas ! I feel what Fear is,
Sweetest Margery for you.*

Dragon ! &c.

Dragon

Dragon roars.

Moore. It is not Strength that always wins ;
 Good Wit does Strength excel.—
 Confound the Rascal, how he grins,—
 I'll creep into this Well.

[Gets into the Well.

[Enter Dragon, and goes to the Well, as to drink.

Dragon. What nasty Dog has got into the Well,
 Disturbs my Drink, and makes the Water smell.

[Moore within, cries Boh !

A I R.

Dragon. Oh ho ! Mr. Moore,
 You Son of a Whore,
 I wish I'd known your Tricks before.

[Moore gets out of the Well, encounters the Dragon, and kills him by a kick on the Back-side.

Drag. Oh ! oh ! oh !

The Devil take your Toe.

[Dies.

To him MARGERY, in a Rapture.

Marg. Oh, my Champion ! how d'ye do ?

Moore. Oh, my Charmer ! how are you ?

Marg. Very well, thank you ;

Moore.

I'm so too.

Your Eyes were livid, and your Cheeks were
 pale ;

But now you look as brisk as bottled Ale.

Give me a Buss.

Marg.

Ah, twenty if you please.

Moore. With all my heart, and twenty after these.

D U E T.

D U E T T.

" *My sweet Honey suckle, my Joy and Delight,*

" *I'll kiss thee all Day, and I'll hug thee all Night.*

" *My Dearest is made of such excellent Stuff,*

" *I think I shall never have Kissing enough.*

My sweet, &c.

Gub. Most mighty *Moore*, what Wonders hast thou done?

Destroy'd the Dragon, and my *Marg'ry* won.

The Loves of this brave Knight, and my fair Daughter,

In *Roratorios* shall be sung hereafter.

Begin your Songs of Joy ; begin, begin,

And rend the *Welkin* with harmonious Din.

C H O R U S.

Sing, sing, and rorio,

An Oratorio

To gallant Morio,

Of Moore-Hall.

To Margerenia

Of Roth'ram Greenia,

Beauty's bright Queenia,

Bellow and bawl.

Sing, sing, &c.

CHORUS of CHORUSES.

H U Z A !

Marg. }
Maux. } *Huz ———— !*

Omnes. **HUZZA! HUZZA! HUZZA!**

F I N I S.

